

DENTIST STILL AT WAR WITH THE KIMONO GIRLS

Boarding-House Mistress Yanks Out the Tooth-Puller's Furniture Without an Anaesthetic and He Vows Vengeance.

Carrying care and the spirit of discontent, not to mention wars and rumors of war still hover over the big five-story brownstone boarding-house at No. 64 Lexington avenue. It is there that Mrs. Alvin Haagen, the landlady, is carrying on her campaign against Dr. Jacques Schnaier, the dentist, who rents her parlors, front and rear, and objects because sixteen girl boarders in kimono make his rooms their meeting-place.

The case has already been twice in the courts, but the tooth doctor has a lease for five years. In law the dentist may stay that long of time, but in fact he will probably stay only as long as he can stand the present strain. Today Mrs. Haagen in deadly earnest and a strong German accent announced that she had been coaxed into signing the lease and that she will try now to have the dentist dispossessed.

To date the fight stands as follows: Round 1. (Yesterday morning)—Dentist has landlady in Yorkville Court charged with disorderly conduct. Decision a draw. Magistrate telling them to go home and be good.

Round 2. (Yesterday afternoon)—Landlady takes some of the furniture out of dentist's parlor.

Round 3. (Hour later)—Dentist goes to court. Under protest agrees to allow landlady to take all the furniture away at 7 o'clock.

Round 4. (7 P. M.)—Landlady gets furniture, and dentist hires a fresh batch, which he says he will charge to her.

All Eager to Talk.

To-day the contending forces are under arms, laying out further operations. But silence is not a part of their code and both talked willingly. Also their partisans talked.

Mrs. Haagen met an Evening World reporter at the door and told him at length of her troubles. With her were her aides de camp, Miss Hansen, the vocal and elocution teacher, on the second floor front, and the little dressmaker, who has her place on the same floor. Lined up behind them were half a dozen of the sixteen pretty girls, some of them wearing kimonos to which the dentist has objected.

Mrs. Haagen is a stout, well-preserved matron with sparkling steel blue eyes and a rosy complexion, well set off by her silvery gray hair. She ushered the reporter in among the kimono girls, who were seated on plush-covered armchairs and sofas in the big hall. In one corner under the stairs was an oak piano. It looked as if somebody was just moving in.

"Look," said Mrs. Haagen, waving her hands at the furniture. "These are the things of use and ornament that I take from that man—that little teeth

doctor. I let him use them once. Now he has been unthankful. It's time to have them back."

Told Patron to Beat It.

The little dressmaker spoke up. "He is no gentleman," she said. "Why yesterday there was a lady came for me to make her a gown. She is a millionaire—most. And what does he do? I did not know then, but now I do. Why, he went to the door in his shirt sleeves and told her he never heard of me. Then he said for her to beat it, and slammed the door. She writes me, and I see how nearly I lost a fine customer—a millionaire."

"Acht," echoed Mrs. Haagen, "and his brother says his sister is no lady. It is awful."

"Yes, yes," came an echo from the vocal teacher. "He tells my pupils to go away. He does not like their high notes. Oh, what a man."

The kimono girls assented to all of it. Mrs. Haagen went on to tell what she had endured. She said that six months ago the dentist came there and that she thought he was a nice man.

"I had a tooth doctor before for a tenant," she said. "There is his picture. I would not leave it now with this scoundrel."

She pointed to a crayon portrait of a pleasant-faced young man. It was leaning against the wall beside a sofa.

Hums a Sarcastic Hum.

"Yes," she said, "I often have told this Schnaier that there was a dentist who was a dentist—so kind and pleasant and nice. But Schnaier asks me what became of him and when I say he died, Schnaier hums a little tune and groins. Is that the nice thing to do?"

Mrs. Haagen said that she agreed to give Schnaier a lease for five years with certain privileges. These included her right to sleep in the folding bed and her boarders to use the front parlor as a reception room and a sitting room. His patients were to wait there for him, and he was to use the typewriter copy of the lease being read a copy of the lease written in long hand by the doctor and that it was satisfactory. Then she said she produced the typewritten copy and she signed it without reading it.

"It was hoodlums," she said, "and my lawyer tells me now I shall try to get him out."

She said that for five months Dr. Schnaier was all that could be desired. He was a dentist, he made no protest against her sleeping in the folding bed, he used the parlors simply during business hours and did not elsewhere.

Didn't Like His Methods.

"I liked him so much," said Mrs. Haagen, "and he was so attentive. Always trying to please me. But he had a habit of laughing in his back parlor as if he had ten minutes' work on their teeth and half an hour to wait. Oh, I did not like it. And then when he came and asked me to go to the theatre with him I told him I had enough women friends and I could buy my own tickets to the play. I wished to see him after that he made life awful for all of us. Now the end is here."

The kimono girls and the dressmaker and the vocal teacher voted unanimously.

"And think of the gas!" said one of them to Mrs. Haagen. This started a fresh outbreak.

"Oh, the gas," she moaned. "Ten jets there and the gas burns them in the daytime. All of them are burning up, and when I speak to him he grins and says he does not have to pay and says for me to tell my troubles to somebody else."

Dr. Schnaier has told his story at length. His special hane is that the kimono girls, he says, gathered in his front parlor, where they sat and gossiped. Also, he said, they giggled at his patients and played the piano so loudly that nervous patients suffered while in his operating chair. The Court decided that under the lease he has exclusive use of the room and has them, but Mrs. Haagen declares it will not be for long.

PINK PAJAMAS WILL BROADWAY

One Girl, Attired in Smile, Flees from Blaze in Audubon Hotel.

Pink pajamas, above little pink feet, and hysterical women with flying hair of all shades and length, appeared on Broadway yesterday, when Police- man Murray, of the West Third Street Station, saw flames and smoke belching from a window on the top floor of the Hotel Audubon, No. 1416 Broadway.

Mostly actresses, the real live actors who have jobs on Broadway live in the Audubon. There are a few men, but they don't count, and when Murray discovered the fire he—wise man—knew that there would be trouble. He rushed into the hotel and told Night Clerk John Fischel:

"Your place is on fire. I saw it from the street. Top floor. Flames out of the window."

Fischel and the policeman climbed to the top floor to the room of Miss Beatrice Cohen. She was not at home and the door was forced with an axe. The curtain had blown against a gas jet and the room was in flames.

M. B. Coan, a guest, got the fire hose ready, but there were kinks in it and no water came. Then came Howard E. Coan, the proprietor, with a chemical extinguisher. He did not see Coan in the blinding smoke and turned the chemical stream upon him. At the same time the kinks came out of Coan's hose and there was a water and chemical duel.

In the mean time the girls in the room were called. They fled as they were. Some rushed to the street, screaming and shivering as the wind bit into their pajamas. One girl came down a smile.

Miss Violet Hall, who is playing with the "Earl and the Girl" company, did not get out. She was rescued. Beatrice Cohen, of the "Sporting Duchess" company, was in a room next to the fire and was under control after Miss Cohen had lost all her personal belongings in her trunk. Then the line of pink figures, with teeth chattering and chilled to the marrow, wended their way to bed.

THE DENTIST, THE BOARDING HOUSE AND THE FURNITURE



Dr. Jacques Schnaier

WALL STREET. THE CLOSING QUOTATIONS

Table with multiple columns listing stock prices and market data for Saturday, March 24.

PRICES EASE OFF IN THE WHEAT MARKET.

Wheat started a trifle easier in the market to-day in response to a good weather map, weaker markets in the Northwest and a general disposition to sell. Trading was light and mainly professional.

CAR KILLS RICH WOMAN.

Mrs. Terheyden, of Pittsburg, Victim of Trolley.

PITTSBURGH, March 24.—Miss Sophie Terheyden, one of the wealthiest women in this city, a sister of Henry Terheyden, the diamond merchant, was instantly killed last evening by a street car at Liberty avenue and Girard street.

SUCTION OF TRAIN MAX KILL FLAGMAN

Central's Eighty-five-Year-Old Watchman Drawn in by Whirl of Air.

Charles Van Ward, eighty-five years old, and for thirty years a night watchman employed by the New York Central Railroad Company in the Melrose yards, misjudged his strength when a Boston express came whirling by, bound for the Grand Central Station.

The old man, who lives in Catharine street, Wakefield, has heard a lot of how the suction of trains flying past drew men and things after them, but he didn't believe all these tales. He didn't believe there was a suction that would draw a man into the whirlwind of a passing train.

Van Ward miscalculated his strength. He never would admit that he wasn't about as good a man as was in the employ of the company, and every one knew that he had been a watchman for so many years that he could no longer sleep after nightfall.

When the Boston train came by the old night watchman crouched close to the wall, just as he had done for so many years after availing himself of the train to warn those who were about to cross the tracks. The train went by and then came the whirl of air. Van Ward was caught in the whirl of air. He was lifted from his feet and for yards he followed the flying train. Then he was jammed against a wall, and he lay there until a track-walker found him unconscious, with many bones broken and injured internally.

At Lehigh Hospital they say he will not swing his lantern any more. They have notified his family that he will die.

NURSE GIRL SHOT BY A BOY OF 15

Post Laughed as He Pointed Pistol and Fired at Miss Soucier.

As a result of the shooting of Miss Florence Soucier, a nurse girl employed at the home of Dr. Chalmers Sangree, of No. 1425 Madison avenue, Howard Post, a fifteen-year-old boy, was held without bail in the Harlem Police Court to-day. Miss Soucier is in a serious condition in the Mount Sinai Hospital with a bullet wound in the abdomen. Together with the girl's brother, Harry Soucier, young Post called last night on the doctor. The three were eye-larking when Post drew a pistol from his pocket. He laughingly pointed it at the girl, and then fired. There was an explosion and she sank to the floor. She was hurried to the hospital and a bullet wound in the abdomen was found. In court to-day Soucier was discharged and Post was held for hearing on Monday. All the parties are negroes.

For "Home-Coming Week."

LOUISVILLE, KY., MARCH 24.—Several thousand visitors will be in Louisville during "Home-Coming Week," June 13 to 17, arrangements for which were nearly completed to-day. An elaborate program has been prepared including parades, barbecues, a ball and the unveiling of two statues.

Flood of Counterfeits.

FORT WORTH, TEX., MARCH 24.—This place has been flooded with counterfeit \$10 bills. The bills are of the buffalo type, and closely resemble the genuine so far as the stamp and engraving is concerned, but the paper is much thicker and heavier than the Government paper, and no silk is discernable in the composition.

Jersey Tourist Killed.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH 24.—Edward Nichols, seventy-four years of age, a tourist, from Trenton, N. J., was struck and almost instantly killed by a Pacific electric car yesterday at Ninth and Broadway streets. Nichols was confused in trying to avoid an inbound car and was struck and hurled nearly fifty feet.

Defends College Men.

CHICAGO, MARCH 24.—Charles F. Thwing, President of Western Reserve University, spoke at the annual meeting of the Northwestern Alumni Association, which was held last night in refutation of the statements credited to reformers that they find a large proportion of college-bred men among the men with whom they work. It was seldom that college graduates went to the bad, he held.

Strange Malady Kills.

ALBANY, ORE., MARCH 24.—A mother and child are dead as the result of a mysterious disease or poison that attacked the throat. A large number of chickens similarly affected have died, and have large numbers of wild birds which have visited the place. The victims of the mysterious affliction are Mrs. Thomas McClain and her little daughter.

BANK STATEMENT SHOWS SPECIE GAIN.

An increase of \$1,072,800 in specie was the most satisfying feature of this week's bank statement, which as a whole was very good. The specie gain made, notwithstanding large shipments of cash to Cincinnati and San Francisco, resulted in a rise of \$48,650 in surplus, bringing the amount above the legal requirement to about the same figure reached at this time last year.

SHIPPING NEWS.

Table with columns for ship names, destinations, and departure times.

PORT OF NEW YORK. ARRIVED.

Table with columns for ship names, origins, and arrival times.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Table with columns for ship names, destinations, and departure times.

These are a few of the interesting things in next Sunday's World. There are others quite as good. The MYSTERY about it is that one Sunday newspaper can contain so many things worth reading.

The \$1,000 "Champion" PICTURE.

Charles Dana Gibson

received one thousand dollars apiece for drawing each of these pictures. Beautiful reproductions of them, ready for framing, are being issued FREE as special art supplements to the Sunday World.

To-morrow's Picture, "THE CHAMPION"

A Character Study of Jim Jeffries. Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson. Printed on separate sheets of heavy paper. Four More to Follow.

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DON'T FORGET THAT THE SUNDAY WORLD IS THE BEST SUNDAY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

Look at the Magazine Section in colors. The work will compare with the high-priced monthlies. And the subject matter! It is a MYSTERY NUMBER. Here are some mysteries that may interest you:

- The Mystery of the Missing Miss Bradley: On Dec. 26 a young woman, well known, of prominent family, arrived at the Grand Central Station in New York, en route for her home in England. She has never been seen since.
- The Mystery of the Last Horse on Earth. A skillful man has figured out when the automobile will have entirely driven out the horse. He has investigated the gradual decrease in the number of horses, figured on the exact rate at which they are becoming extinct, and has reached a definite day and date for the disappearance of the very last horse.
- The Mystery of the Richest Man in the World Who is he? John D. Rockefeller? No. Then who? No one of whom you've heard very much, if at all. This mysterious man is.....
- The Mystery of Some Wonderful Animals. Man thinks that man is the most intelligent of all animals. Yet there are right in New York a group of dumb creatures performing more wonderful feats than any human being has ever attempted.
- The Mystery of the "Real" Gibson Man. In all of Charles Dana Gibson's pictures, especially those appearing with the Sunday World, there figures a certain young man, very handsome, very austere, very Gibsonian. Who is the original? Do you know?
- The Mystery of a Machine That Writes Voices on a Wire. The telephone is wonderful, the phonograph, too. But a new machine that does the work of both, and does it in an astounding way, is more wonderful still.

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